RICH AND FREE, LONELY CLIMBERS FROM MAINE AND CALIFORNIA GET INTO SOCIETY VIA PARIS

"These palatial Paris hotels are built for American society," he said.

"Do you know the Smiths of Denver?" "No. I thought they were Kansas City people!"

"Here I'm in the dress suit set. I always wanted to."

They Find the Barriers Easily Scaled and New Social Life Brilliant—"Going to Europe" Stands for Final Success and Peace—Paris More American Than New York

WHEN Marlin enters the tea room of one of those palatial Paris hotels his eyes roam to an empty table—and he bows to it.

Bright smile on his face, well built coat on his back and nothing on his conscience, he makes for the empty table, stops, turns 20 degrees, smiles again with happy surprise—and bows to another empty table.

He starts vaguely for it, but he never gets there. He glances at his watch and flops down in the nearest empty place. Then Marlin glances round to see if there is any one he really knows.

This time he knew Walton and myself. Walton, a former rough and tumble mining engineer and woman hater in Denver, had an elegant little valise on a chair.

"Don't joggle that bag!" he said, "it's fragile." And shameless, he confessed that he had gone in for ceramics and was taking certain cups and saucers of his own decoration to the firing. They were for a widow he had met in Paris, he told us.

That's the way some lonely Americans get into society. The most matter of fact and uncouth become flowing and flowery.

"There's Mike Old and his daughter," observed Walton. The former Western bad man was drinking raspberry syrup and eating jelly cake. He, too, is in society.

We took Marlin to their table. They chatted of receptions and dinner parties as if they were half of life. They go on horseback together to the Bois of mornings.

"I always wanted to ride," said one of the party, a retired stove manufacturer. "But it would have looked ridiculous in my situation at home. I was not in a riding set."

"I always wanted to dress for dinner," confessed a former rancher, "but I was not in a dress suit set."

To come to Paris to dress for dinner may seem strong. But wait.

"You don't find it dull in Paris?" I said.

The ex-stove manufacturer answered:

"We are enjoying the time of our lives. We have made our pile. What do we want? Not to be lonely, we desire to meet folks like ourselves, with money and leisure to cultivate the agreeable things of life."

"Europeans?" I said. "Titles?"

"Nonsense," he laughed. "Americans are good enough, but I might have sat down in Philadelphia or Pittsburg five years and not met as many of the right kind as I know in Paris after six months."

Marlin made himself agreeable to these people. Now he knows them. They are lucky.

Why did Marlin bow to empty tables when he came in? When he sees nobody that he knows, he bows to empty tables. Then he flops down at one, and will soon be chatting with an elegant neighbor—anyway. Every one saw Marlin bow.

The Pittsburg millionaire says to his companion: "No, the bow was not for us—it must have been for Donahue, the Colorado mine man, and his daughter.'

And the Colorado daughter says to papa: "No, the bow was not for us, but doubtless for that lovely St. Louis woman, there, just behind us, to the right—don't turn and stare." Then, pensively: "They're very rich and exclusive at home, you know—Blanks, the big chemical manufacturers."

Now—what do you think—if Marlin gets in conversation with them, will they not be gracious to him?

"Do you know the Smiths of Denver?"—"Our great friends the Browns of Tacoma. Quite so, at the Hotel Meurice"—"I've often said so, one of the most interesting couples in Paris society. Yes, from Los Angeles"—"I thought they were Kansas City people?"—"Papa, do you hear, Mr. Marlin knows the Greens of Portland!"

The conversation is sure to run like this. Marlin has heard and done 'so much of it that he really knows a lot of Americans.

Then why bow to empty tables?

"It's a habit. Also—alas! this society, though brilliant, elegant and kindly, is also shifting in its nature. It is a phenomenon of the hour. Any correct American with money can get into society via Paris.

They are nice people, also rich, half lonely, idle, open minded, open hearted, at a kind of social crisis in their lives. They see happiness before them—a new heaven and a new earth.

Will they not suspect Marlin?

Bless you, Marlin is no bunk. Marlin is a gentleman. His aspirations are all pure; his life is idly blameless. He has money enough to get on with; and—note well—without the Marlins, this society would fall apart.

Marlin is the glue.

Marlin is the unmarried American who loves Paris, clings to Paris, yet gets lonely. He is an American-Parisian social buccaneer who does no harm. He was not much in society at home—the taste came on him in Paris—as it does to so many others.

Last Fourth of July afternoon a Cincinnati family sat in the private parlor of their luxurious Paris suite and watched the rain disconsolately. They had just been snubbed by a great lady in their hotel, and their hearts were too heavy to dress for dinner.

In blows Marlin, breezy, agog—and takes in the situation at a glance.

"Where do you have Fourth of July dinner? Not here? No; it's dead here. Let's go to the fireworks dinner at the Majestic. There will be a crowd you are acquainted with, the Jenkinses of Houston, the Howes of Reno and those delightful Wilkenses of Philadelphia."

Gladly they jumped into their glad clothes and were off in a glad hour. The Wilkenses were sympathetic, the Howes paid them honor. In three days they had moved bag and baggage into the Majestic. The same week a family from Cleveland being snubbed by haughty compatriots at the Majestic moved in haste to the Astoria.

Paris grows continually fuller of wealthy Americans, who cling on, quit and come back and become Parisians before they know it.

America must be rich indeed to send all these gold scatterers abroad, now, all the year round—and not feel their loss. They are not tourists. They are pilgrims of an ideal. And as no price is too high to pay for ideals—the land remains rich and young that has them—these pictures which might otherwise shock your patriotic sentiments will not shock you at all when I disclose their inward interpretation.

It is beautiful! It is noble, elevated, generous, pure, worthy, serene, agreeable, pleasant, honest, correct, elegant and precious! America, even in her little weaknesses, comes out ahead!

What are these palatial new hotels in Paris? What these others still building? Each is more luxurious than the other, more adapted to social entertaining. In their long suites you have all the advantages of a private house, dining rooms, parlors and reception halls. Who occupies them? Americans, all Americans.

They are in Paris for society.

We perceive a vast procession of Americans arriving—victorious, but wounded. We lift our hats to them. we pity them. We rejoice with them.

They have been at a killing grind for years. Some of them seem almost stunned. Some scarcely realize that they are rich and free—they are like released prisoners whose eyes are blinded by the light. The women folk are torn between joy and anxiety. "Going to Europe" is to realize a life's dream. It stands for final success, peace, rest, luxury, novelty.

They come to Paris for peace—and they fall into society as into a downy feather bed.

It is different from home. Nobody knows them here; yet every one desires to know them.

In Paris they discover just the kind of Americans they craved to know. It is a brilliant public social life, decorative, colored, perfumed, musical, where culture and frivolity are rolled together. It is a noble stage setting, full of bright, wealthy people, amusing themselves—and they are all Americans.

Heart calls to heart.

And that's enough.

Families from Texas fraternize with families from Maine. Pennsylvanians learn that Oregonians are elegant. Californians and New Yorkers hobnob. Kentucky and Michigan swap dressmakers. Colorado and Rhode Island discuss children's boarding schools.

"Expatriates?" says Dave. "Paris is more American than New York!"

Take these American elements. Mix thoroughly. There are no lumps. Lumps would be the unsuccessful and the hard up. They are left at home in America. There are no poor relations, none that offend or make ashamed, none who knew your first beginnings. Sweeten with Old Word romance. Spice with Parisian taste and chic. Let it simmer in a leisure which is in itself a benediction. And then when the pie is open all the birds begin to sing!

I went with the Wilkenses and the Howes to a box party at the Folies Dramatiques. It was "The Revenged Maiden," a farce of allusions, slang jargon, double entendre, all frothy wit and fancy, of which they certainly did not catch 5 per cent. But what of that? They were happy to be in a social centre where folk bowed to them from boxes.

Marlin pointed out celebrities in the audience. He got all the French names wrong; but we didn't know it. We visited the Joneses and Smiths between the acts, hobnobbed with the Jenkses, the Browns and the Hopgoods in the lobby—and we all rolled off to supper together when it was over.

Could my Pennsylvania stove manufacturer move to Philadelphia or Pittsburg and do it? The wealthy natives would freeze him and his.

I asked a husband. He had been a big business man at home. Here he seems a placid tomcat purring in the sun.

"Actresses and countesses are equally spicy," he chuckled. "We watch how they dress, who is with whom, what styles and amusements they are adopting and whether they will take. Give me peace," he added. "Paris is the place."

"Meanwhile, you're spending your money abroad," I said.

"Don't you think America can stand it?" he asked. "When we get these things we want we'll go back home."

So have patience.

"Bless you, Marlin is no bunk. Marlin is a gentleman."

"Shorty" Ryerson and the Boxing Bear

"A GOOD MANY folks thinks when they see Shorty Ryerson fer the fus' time, that some time or other he must 'a' been layin' in the sawmill where the saw 'd orter been, with the mill goin' full split, but that ain't it," said the landlord at the Sol's Ridge Tavern as Shorty Ryerson, whose prominent characteristic was that about every square inch of one side of his face was a scar, went out.

"No, that wa'n't it," said the landlord. "The way it come to happen was that a couple o' years ago I had a tame b'ar, an' kep' him chained to that pole out there in the yard. Somehow him an' Shorty got to be p'tic'ly good friends, an' when Shorty wa'n't doin' nothin', which was gener'ly from daylight one mornin' till daylight next mornin', countin' Sundays, he was out there foolin' with that b'ar. They'd cuddle down together an' go to sleep, Shorty an' the b'ar would, jest ez nat'ral ez if they was both b'ars, an' it got so that when Shorty happened to be away fer ten minutes the b'ar 'd git so oneasy that you could hear him beller like a baby. Shorty l'arnt the b'ar a lot o' smart tricks, an' business was suspended half the time, folks bein' all out watchin' Shorty puttin' the b'ar through the thinks he knowed.

"The trick that tickled 'em most was the boxin' matches Shorty an' the b'ar 'd give. Shorty 'd l'arnt the b'ar so he'd stand up an' spar with him ez nat'ral ez life, an I swan if it wa'n't a sight good fer a lifetime to see 'em stand there an' bat away at one another ez if they wuz a fightin' for money an' the stakes wuz up. 'Nother thing that usety take the Ridge folks down was the way that b'ar 'd walk into the tavern with Shorty, whenever anybody ast him in to have a leetle sumpin,' an' stand there 'longside of him an' swallow a glass o' toddy ez good ez the best of 'em. That b'ar was a harvest fer Shorty, fer everybody that come along 'd have to call him an' Solomon—Shorty named the b'ar Solomon 'cause he know'd so much—they'd all have to call Shorty an' Solomon in to have sumpin.' Consekence was that both Shorty an' the b'ar had their wuthless skins full pooty much all the time. They got to be the hardest drinkers on the Ridge, an' I usety say that the fust thing anybody knowed they'd both git the jams.

"Well, bimeby Shorty an' the ba'r got to be a nuisance. I got tired seein' 'em p'formin' out there in the road, an' the hull pop'lation spendin' its time gawkin' at 'em, an' I threatened time an' ag'in to shoot the durn ba'r an' stop the hull ding business. But I hated to do it, an' kep' puttin' up with the monkey shinin'.

"Shorty always commenced business with the b'ar 'long about daylight, an' the fus' thing on the programme was a sparrin' match. One nice mornin' in June Shorty come sluffin' down ez usual to begin the day's work. The ba'r was cuddled up 'round the pole. Shorty give him a whack on the side an' hollers out:

"'Git up here, Solomon, an' put up them paws o' your'n!'

"The b'ar got up an' put up his paws. You see where that panel o' fence is, up there by the hen house? Well, Shorty Ryerson was picked up right there. They took him home an' sewed his face up ez good ez they could, an' the b'ar was gone when Shorty come back to the tavern a week or so arter w'ds. Shorty never ast no questions, 'cept to say:

"'Solomon got the jams, didn't he?'

"The way the thing happened was that the night afore an' arter everybody had gone home from the tavern a pedler come along to stop all night. He had a durn ugly b'ar with him that he had dickered fer with somebody, an' the idee struck me to swap Solomon fer that b'ar an' $10 to boot, an' we made the swap. We took Solomon away from the pole an' got the new b'ar chained there in his place. Before daylight next mornin' Solomon was on his way east. An' somehow or other I disremembered to send word to Shorty about the dicker."

French Women Tireless Workers

"ONE of the things that impressed me most during a month just spent in Paris," said a New York woman, "was the ceaseless industry of the French working women. Not only was every minute occupied but usually these tireless workers seemed to be getting double return from their time. The young woman who came for our washing appeared at our apartment door knitting in hand. She carried the clothes home on her back, knitting as she walked along. Our little maid of all work kept her crocheting in the kitchen and while the meals were cooking on the funny little gas stove she crocheted as though her life depended upon it, and so far as I could see neither the cooking nor the lace work suffered because of her divided attention. When the doorbell rang she walked down the little hall, still crocheting. I surreptitiously put a mark in her lace work just to see what progress she made during her two busiest days and it was astonishing to find how much she'd accomplished in spite of almost constant interruptions.

"Then down at the market in the Place de l'Alma I shall never forget my surprise at watching the market women knitting and crocheting as they tended their stalls. When a purchase was made the handwork was stopped barely long enough to deliver the goods and the change.

"The French women whose lives are spent on the great barges on the Seine seem to know the art of doing several things at once. I remember standing on one of the bridges watching a young mother at the stern of a big barge balancing herself as she nursed her baby and steered the boat under the arched bridge. An elderly woman, evidently the grandmother, was getting the dinner ready, knitting in hand, while she looked now and then at the work of two little girls whom she was teaching to embroider. All the time the three men of the family were sitting by complacently smoking and chatting.

"I soon discovered that this air of feminine industry was contagious. I found myself tucking a little book of French verbs into my handbag for study on the bus, and a little workbag made its way into our living room so that the time given to a chance caller might be put to good use, in true French fashion."

Model Country School

HOW a small one teacher school in the country may have all the conveniences popularly supposed to be the exclusive privilege of the city is demonstrated in the model rural school at Kirksville, Mo. Indoor toilets and shower baths, drinking fountains and a modern heating plant are shown to be possible in the country school however remote from the city. Furthermore, the cost is said to be within the means of a comparatively small community.

The Kirksville school is only a one story building, but the attic and basement are both put to valuable use. The attic is employed for manual training and domestic science, and there is an excellent herbarium. The basement contains the heating plant, a combination of hot water and hot air, described as very economical in use; the fuel room, a bulb room for the outdoor garden, and a dark room for developing photographs.

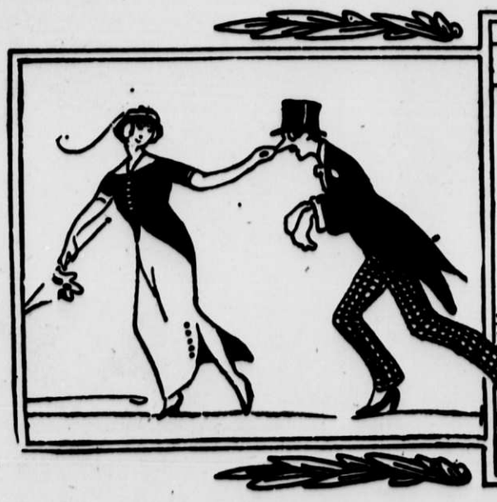
The machinery of the school plant consists of an ordinary pneumatic pressure tank, operated by a gasolene engine. A septic tank sewer system is maintained at small expense.

The main floor of the building, besides containing the classroom proper, has a small community library, separate from the school library. The classroom itself occupies most of the floor. The desks and seats in it are both adjustable and movable, with individual platforms, and when all are removed to one side as many as 200 persons can be accommodated. The stereopticon in the wall of the class room emphasizes still further the fact that this school is built for general community use as well as for ordinary school purposes.

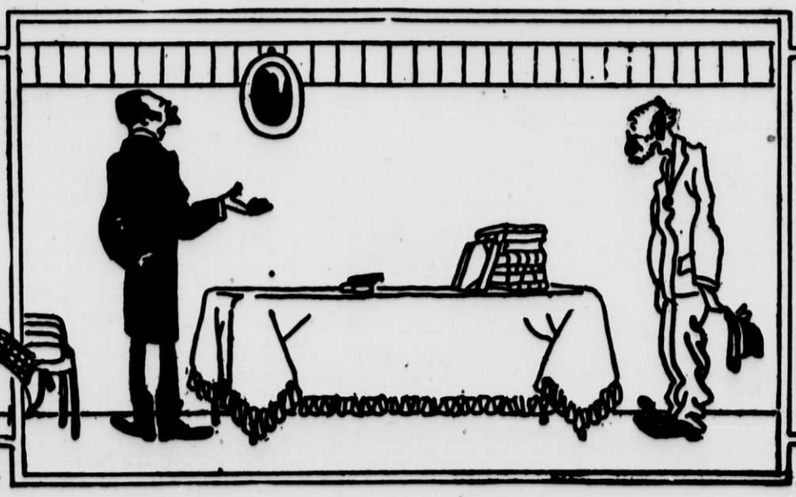
Every effort has been made to have the model rural school at Kirksville approximate actual rural conditions. Although located on the campus at the Kirksville Normal School, it is detached from the other buildings. The pupils are real rural material. Every morning a transportation wagon brings in thirty-four country children from a distance of five miles. No town children are allowed to attend.

An expert rural teacher is in charge and the idea is to conduct an observation school. Candidates for rural school certificates attend it at least once a day and observe her work, and after two years of training in the normal school they receive practice work under the expert.

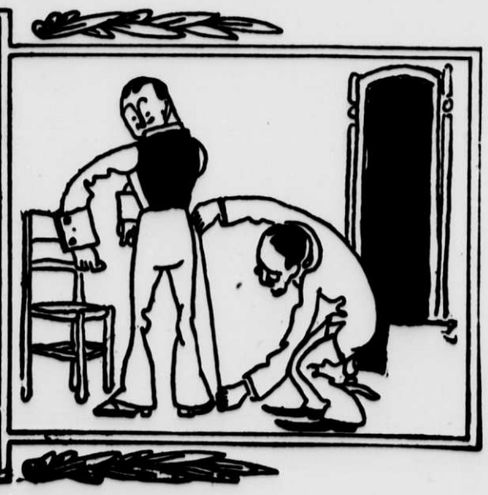
Teachers who have gone out from experience in this model rural school are said to be 500 per cent. better instructors. But the best indication of the value of such a model is the way its leading features have been copied. In the country about Kirksville many similar schools have been built. They do not always copy all the details, but the attic arrangement and the sanitary equipment are generally duplicated. Buildings modelled on the Kirksville school have been erected in Mississippi and Nebraska.



He was in Paris, truly, as the victim of his wife.



No poor relations to bother us, in Paris. We can do good unostentatiously to strangers.



The Pennsylvania stove man had himself measured for riding breeches.